

A BRIEF 1493. A. 8.

# A C C O U N T

OF THE

LIFE *and* FAMILY

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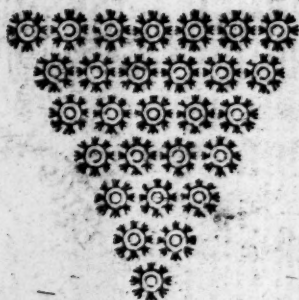
Miss *Jenny* Cameron,

T H E

Reputed MISTRESS of the  
PRETENDER'S Eldest Son.

C O N T A I N I N G

*Many very singular* INCIDENTS.



L O N D O N:

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A BRIEF  
**A C C O U N T**  
 OF THE  
 LIFE *and* FAMILY  
 OF  
 Miss *Jenny Cameron, &c.*

MISS *Jenny Cameron*, the Subject  
 of the following Sheets, is de-  
 scended of the antient House  
 of *Lochiel*, Chief of the Name  
 of *Cameron*; one of the most numerous  
 Clans in the *Highlands* of *Scotland*.

This Clan pride themselves in being  
 one of the old Tribes in *Scotland*, and  
 scorn to own that they had their Original  
 from *Ireland*, as most of the neigh-  
 bouring Clans have. The present *Lochiel*  
 A pre-



pretends to be lineally descended from the first Man of the *Camerons*, who settled in that Part of the Country above seven Hundred Years ago; though he must certainly stretch a little in his Accounts, since Sir-names have not been so long in Use in *Scotland*; at least it's impossible to support the Antiquity of any Family so far back, by authentick Records, since the original Inventor of Charters, in that Kingdom, was *Malcolm*, surnamed or rather nicknamed *Kenmore* or *Great-head*, who was the first that divided the Kingdom, and ascertained Property, by Deeds in Writing. These are the only Vouchers we can depend upon, for determining any Questions relating to the Antiquity of Families; all preceding that Time have no other Authority than that of the ancient Bards, who were a kind of Poets, retained about the Houses of Persons of Distinction, and who sung in their Songs, the Genealogy and great Deeds of their Patrons Ancestors, this being the only Way they had to keep them in Remembrance.

Now, it is natural to suppose, not only from the great Liberty that is taken

ken in all poetic Performances, but from the Dependence which the Bards had upon their several Patrons, that every Blemish in the History of their Family was forgot, and every Circumstance tending to aggrandize the Memory of their Ancestors, was greatly exaggerated, beyond not only the Bounds of Truth, but even Probability.

To this is owing the great Mixture of Fable, that we meet with in all traditional Histories of ancient Families, and the Difficulty there is of coming at the least Resemblance of Truth, in any Facts that take their Date beyond that Period, when Records in Writing came to be universal.

The Account which the Bards give of this Family, is perhaps as full of Fable, as that of any Family in *Europe*; it seems to be a compleat Body of *Highland* Mythology: They go back as far as the Giants, said to inhabit that Country, and the North of *Ireland*, and tell you monstrous Stories, which shew the Vanity as well as Ignorance of those who composed a kind of History of these Traditions.

But, however amusing these Reveries might prove to our Readers, we shall not trouble them at present with a Recital of them, nor go so far back to trace the Original of Miss *Fenny Cameron's* Progenitors: We shall not trace them through all their Shiftings, before they came to settle upon the Estate of *Lochiel*, or follow their Genealogy through those Generations preceding that Time, in which they assumed the Name of *Cameron*; that Name, though not the first that distinguished her Progenitors, is, of all Conscience, of Antiquity enough to gratify her Vanity; though she had been Mistress of a much more illustrious Personage than the Chevalier *Charles*.

We are told, that the first Man who was distinguished by the Name of *Cameron*, was a very great Warrior, and a Man of prodigious Strength: There is a Stone near *Acknacary*, the Seat of *Lochiel*, that must weigh at least five Hundred Weight, which this Man could raise off the Ground with one Hand, and could toss it almost like a Foot-Ball: He could twist a Plough-Share like a Twigg, and there were no Ropes of Hemp strong enough



enough to bind him ; in short, he seems to have been another *Sampson*, only with this Difference, that his Strength did not lye in his Hair, nor was he so easily wheedled by the Women.

This great Man challenged all the mighty Men of the Age to single Combat, and always came off Conqueror, but in one of those Encounters he happened to meet with an Accident, which set his Nose a little on one Side, perhaps might have a Piece cut off, and the Surgeon might sew it on in such a Manner, that it did not cut his Face at right Angles, but stood somewhat awry ; from whence he was distinguished by the Name of the Knight with the Wry - nose, which the Word *Cameron* signifies in the *Highland* Language.

It is the Custom to this Day in the *Highlands*, to distinguish Persons by any Singularity which they have about them, whether it be a Beauty or Deformity ; such as *John* the fair, *James* the crooked, *John* the blind, and so on ; and it happened to be the Fate of this great Man to be nicknamed *Hugh* with the

Wry nose: As Patronomics were much used in that Time, his Son, as having no particular Beauty or Deformity of his own, was distinguished by the Name of *Charles* the Son of Wry-nose or *Cameron*, and this was assumed by all their Successors as a Sirname.

Thus much for the Original of the Name of *Cameron*; let us proceed to the rest of their traditional History. This great Man with the Wry-nose, came originally from the Shire of *Dumbarton*, and had come to that Part of the Country where *Lochiel's* Estate now lies, to make Suit to one of the Daughters of *McTavish*, Baron of *Straborgig*: The Man soon succeeded in his Suit, Strength and Valour being the only Qualifications fit to procure him Success, either with the Lady or her Friends; but now, as he had a Wife, he must endeavour by his own Prowess, to find out an Estate, which he was resolved to come at by any Means, no matter how unjustifiable.

Part of *McDonald* of *Glengary's* Estate lay most contiguous to his Father-in-Law's, and for that Reason he fixed his  
Eyes

Eyes upon that, as the most proper for his Purpose: He soon picked a Quarrel with *Glengary*, and the *M<sup>r</sup> Tavisches* and the *M<sup>r</sup> Donalds* went to *Loggerheads*; *Hugh Cameron* wanted much to have had Matters decided by single Combat, as confiding most in his own personal Strength; but *M<sup>r</sup> Donald* of *Glengary*, though he did not want natural Courage, yet declined entering singly the Lists with so redoubted an Antagonist, but depended upon the Superiority which his Clan had in Numbers, over that of *Cameron's* Father-in-Law.

They had several bloody Skirmishes, but still the *M<sup>r</sup> Donalds*, though at a great Expence of Men, came off victorious by the Force of Numbers; so that after a Struggle of several Years, he found himself in no likelihood of conquering an Estate, though in the Attempt he had considerably weakened the Family into which he had matched, and made them look upon him with Indifference, if not with some Degree of Resentment, as the Cause of all their Misfortunes.

*Mr. Cameron* grew melancholly upon his

his Disappointments, and to divert it, went to pay a Visit to his Relations in *Dumbartonshire*, where he began to indulge his Spleen in an extraordinary Manner, which very much alarmed his Friends, but much more an old Woman, who had been his Nurse, and who, according to the Custom of that Country, was fonder of him than Parents generally are.

This old Woman was reputed very wise and cunning; and, amongst her Neighbours, had neither more nor less than the Reputation of a Witch, and was said to be very familiar with the *Devil*, whom she could conjure up at her Pleasure, and send him like her Footman upon any Message she pleased: Whether Mr. *Cameron* was void of Faith in Witches, or imagining his Misfortunes past the Cure of the *Devil*, he never once thought of applying to his wise Nurse in any of his Extremities; but the old Woman, who, as I have observed, was doatingly fond of him, perceiving his deep Melancholly, soon got at the Cause, and frankly proffered him



him her Aid, and that of all the Spirits she could command.

*Cameron* was some Time before he could listen to the old Woman's Council; but at last, rather tired out with her Importunities, than convinced with her Arguments, he promised to follow her Advice, which she assured him would bring him to the Possession of his utmost Wishes.

She advised him to return immediately to his Father-in-Law's, and to depend no more upon his Valour for his obtaining the Estate, but to trust to her Cunning for compassing his Ends. She furnished him with a Parcel of Thongs, which in the *Highland* Tongue, are called *Iels*, and directed him to make Use of them in this Manner: She advised him to catch a Fox alive upon his Father-in-Law's Estate, and tye to the Tail of the Fox, a Bundle of Thongs, in such Manner as that they should trail upon the Ground, and then let the Fox loose; the Consequence of which, she said, would be, that all the Land the Fox should run over, and surround with the Thongs,

Thongs, should be his and his Heirs forever; and that the Land, so run over, should be converted into the same Nature with that Ground which the Thongs last touched of his Father-in-Law's Estate. That *Cameron* might have a good Estate, as well as a large one, he let the Fox loose upon a fine Meadow, just bordering upon *McDonald* of *Glengary's* Estate, thinking by this Means, that he should have all the promised Land, and that it would all consist of a fine Meadow.

The Charms were performed with Ceremony, and the Fox set loose after pronouncing several Incantations, which the old Woman had directed; and that he might run the faster, and take the Course which they intended, they set the Dogs after him.

The Animal was glad of his Liberty, and eager of preserving himself from the Dogs that pursued him, endeavoured to elude their Chace, by running into a little Brook that run thro' the Meadow where he was set at Liberty: Then the Dogs lost Sight and Scent of him, and he kept along the Channel, till he came

to

to the Estate of *Glengary*: Water being the last Thing the enchanted Thongs touched, as fast as the Fox run, Water overflowed the whole Country; so that in the Space of a few Hours, all the Valley, for several Miles together, was one continued *Loch* or *Lake*. The *McDonalds* were affrighted at this unusual Inundation; and such of them as had Time to escape, removed their Habitations higher up into the Mountains; and left this Lake, and the adjacent Hills, to be peaceably possessed by *Cameron* and his Followers.

What became of the Fox, or where he stopped, my Historian does not inform me; but from the Original of this *Loch* it is called *Lochiel*, or the Lake of Thongs; and from this *Loch* the chief of the *Camerons* take their Title.

This Story, however fabulous it may appear to be, is gravely repeated by the *Camerons*, and seriously believed. That the whole Fiction may conceal some Truth thus allegorically related, I am apt enough to believe; yet the true Meaning lies so deep in Fable, that it

is impossible for me to make the least Conjecture about what it imports; however, we may conclude from this, that the *Camerons* are a very old Generation; since there appears so much Fable in their History: And this we may take as a Specimen of the Records of the *Highland* Bards, who are the chief Support of the Antiquity of *Highland* Families; since we find most of them made up of Legends, as incongruous and improbable as what I have now related.

We have now given Miss *Fenny Cameron*'s great Progenitor both a Name and an Estate, and accounted for their Manner of coming by both; which the Reader sees was very honestly: We must now bring him down a little nearer to our Time; but it would be tedious to the Reader, and not over and above edifying, to give a minute Detail of the Genealogy of this Family: It is sufficient to assure them that there has been a constant Succession of great Men representing this House, down from *Hugh* the Wry-nose, to the present *Lochiel*, lately famous in the late Rebellion. They have preserved the Estate ever since,



since, and matched with some of the best Families in the Shires of *Argyl* and *Inverness*; the Revenue of their Estate never exceeded above five hundred Pounds a Year, and is held in Vassalage, Part of the Duke of *Gordon*, and Part of the Duke of *Argyle*.

Sir *Hugh Cameron*, Father of the present *Lochiel*, was zealous against the Revolution; appeared against it under my Lord *Dundee*; and upon his Defeat went over to *France*, where he remained ever since, till the breaking out of the late Rebellion; when he came over with the Chevalier *Charles*, and was killed at the Battle of *Culloden*. The old Man, tho' above eighty, seemed as strong and as vigorous as a Man of fifty; walked upright, and could sit a Horse with most Men in *Europe*: He had contracted a mortal Aversion against the *English*, which nothing could abate; this he had imbibed from his Father Sir *Hugh Cameron*, who had conceived the same Antipathy on account of some Cruelties *Cromwell's* Soldiers had committed in that Country during the Usurpation. It is reported of this Sir *Hugh*, that one

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Day,

Day, in an Engagement with some *English* Soldiers, he was thrown down by one of them and disarmed; the Soldier generously offered Sir *Hugh* Quarter, but he said he scorn'd to owe his Life to an *Engliskman*; and having no other Weapon to defend himself, or annoy his Enemy, he seized the Soldier by the Throat with his Teeth, and tore him in such a Manner, that he died upon the Spot. To this national Antipathy, rather than any Affection to the House of *Stuart*, we may ascribe the Appearance of this Gentleman in the Rebellion.

As for the young Gentleman, no Man ever suspected him the least inclinable that Way; on the contrary, he was supposed, of all the Chieftains, the most cordially in the Interest of the present Royal Family; and it is absolutely certain, that he knew nothing of the Invasion, before the Chevalier actually landed: He had not a hundred Stand of Arms amongst his whole Clan, nor the least Preparation for an Affair of such Importance, when the Chevalier landed he received an Account of it by an Express from his Father, with Orders to  
raise

raise forthwith the Clan, and to come in Person to join the Pretender: But young *Lochiel* remained irresolute; and tho' *Charles* and his Father lay for near six Weeks at the House of *M<sup>c</sup>Donald* of *Kenloch Moidart*, he never once thought of joining them, or convocating the Clan: But at last the young Pretender came to his House of *Acknacary*, with only fifty Persons in his Retinue; notwithstanding his long Stay in the *M<sup>c</sup>Donalds* Country. The old Gentleman now appearing to his Clan in Person, the Son had nothing left him but to obey his Father's Command, like his other Vassals, who flock'd to their old Chief; and the Command was given to Father and Son.

The Clan of *Camerons* are about eight Hundred fighting Men; that is, they were computed to be able to bring that Number into the Field at any Time before the Commencement of the Rebellion, and strong, robust, active Men, as well skilled in the Exercise of Arms as any of the Clans of *Scotland*, and as little addicted to Pilfering, so common among their Neighbours the *M<sup>c</sup>Donalds*; the present young *Lochiel* having made it

his Study to keep them honest, and spent most of his Time in polishing them, and administering Justice amongst them, which he did to such a Degree of Severity, that he perhaps had as little of the Affection of his People as any Chieftain whatever; for the other Chiefs often gain the Good-will of their Clan, by conniving at either their Fraud or Violence; but *Lochiel* would purchase their Friendship at no such Rate: He thought his Authority sufficient to keep them in Subjection, and never troubled his Head whether they obeyed him out of Love or Fear.

There are but few Gentlemen of the Name settled in *Scotland*, tho' there are a considerable Number of them Abroad in the Service of *France* and *Spain*; the younger Brothers of this House chusing rather to push their Fortunes in the Army, than live dependent at home upon the small Patrimony which their Estates in that Country afford them.

The chief Branch of this Family is Mr. *Cameron* of *Glendessery*, of which House Miss *Jenny Cameron* is a Daughter.



ter. The Estate of *Glendessery* does not exceed one hundred and fifty Pounds a Year, yet he can raise very near as many Men as his Chief. *Hugh Cameron* of *Glendessery*, Miss *Fenny's* Father, was a Gentleman of very good Parts, and bore an exceeding good Character in his Neighbourhood, lived genteely, and yet kept within the Bounds of his Income, which he endeavoured to augment by his large Dealings in Cattle, a Business which Men of all Ranks follow in that Country. He bestowed a liberal Education upon all his Children, but seemed lavish in his Expences upon Miss *Fenny*, who was his eldest and darling Daughter; but out of a mistaken Tenderness for her, was so long before he would put her under that Restraint which her Education required, that some Passions were allowed to take so deep Root in her Mind, that neither Time, Care, nor Expences could eradicate them.

From her Infancy she was indulged in every Thing, and the whole Family were in a manner Slaves to her Caprice; her natural Temper was hot and violent, and the Care that was taken to gratify  
all

all her Humours, rather increased than abated the natural Impetuosity of her Spirit: She soon discovered an uncommon Genius, and a piercing Wit, which so pleased the Father; that he could by no Means think of curbing her Passions, for fear of dulling this lively Genius; the cultivating of which he chose to prefer to that of the Improvement of her Judgment.

Miss, during her Stay in the Nursery, was the Plague of all the Family; yet her Follies and wild Excursions pleased her doating Parents: She was altogether the Romp and could never be brought to herd with her Sisters: She despised their Amusements, her Diversions were still amongst the Boys, and all her childish Actions shewed a Disposition more masculine than is really common, even for Boys of her Years.

She was by no means delicately or tenderly brought up; that being an Error which Parents never fall into in that Country: There was no Care taken of her Complexion, or her Shape, no Regimen of Dyet observed to keep her lean;  
but

but in every Thing Nature left to take its Course, in as wild a Manner as the Animal Creation: She grew very soon to be a lusty robust Girl, and began now to be too big to be allowed any longer to romp with the Boys; and tho' she was yet but just turned of eleven, she betrayed a Forwardness in her Disposition not common to Women of Twenty; and was discovered in the Haggard one Evening attempting a Game of Romps with a Boy some Years elder than herself: This convinced her Parents that there was no manly Exercise in which Mi's could not bear a Hand; at least she had a strong Inclination to learn.

This Discovery convinced them, but too late, that they had been very remiss in cultivating her Mind, and given her too much Liberty which they knew not how to retrench: They even durst not find Fault with the Indecency they had discovered, nor prohibit it, lest her Inclinations, which were always the fiercer by Opposition, should get the better of all their Caution. They fondly imagined, all that had happened was the Effect of pure Ignorance and unaffected Innocence;  
and

and they conceited that if they made any Pother about it, that she might take it into her Head to be trying at it again: So the whole was laughed over in a Jest, but Ways and Means were found to send the Boy out of the Way, and Miss must now prepare to go to *Edinburgh* for her Education, she having as yet been taught nothing else, except barely to read the *English* Bible, and could scarce speak a Word of any thing, but the vulgar *Highland* Tongue.

The Absence of her young Paramour gave her a deal of Trouble which she did not so much as attempt to conceal; she raved and stormed, was mad and melancholly by Turns, and this seemed to be the first Thing that gave her any lasting Uneasiness: Her Behaviour did not a little afflict her Parents, who could now see there was something growing, if not rooted in Miss's Disposition, which threatened their Family with indelible Dishonour: They therefore hastened her Departure to *Edinburgh*, where she was put under the Tuition of an Aunt of *Lochiel's*, an old Lady of great Prudence and strict Virtue.

It



It was in vain to conceal any Part of Miss's Disposition from Mrs. *Cameron*; it was rather necessary to make her acquainted with all her Foibles, in order to guard against the bad Consequences of them: She had heard them by Report, but found, when the Original came up, that she had got but an imperfect Sketch of this extraordinary Picture. She found her a perfect wild uncultivated Hoyden, who did not want Sense, and had a surprising ready Wit, but was buried in a violent passionate Temper, impatient of the least Degree of Contradiction, but the Regard she had for the Family made her undertake the taming of her.

By the Help of fine Cloaths, and some Trifles that were uncommon to her in the *Highlands*, she was kept within some Bounds for a few Days, and prevailed on to stay at home, tho' she thought she was to be at as much Liberty to romp in the City, as at her Father's Seat in the Country. She soon grew weary of Restraint, and must have her own Way; Mrs. *Cameron* endeavoured, by all the fair and indulging Means possible, to bring her to some Reason, and was unwilling

willing to use her with any kind of Severity; but Miss grew so turbulent, that the Lady found she must try what Effects a Course of wholesome Discipline would work upon Miss, who soon gave her an Opportunity to put the Experiment in Practice: She had done something which highly offended the old Lady, who chid her for it, but Miss laughed at her: In return Mrs. *Cameron* called her into her Closet, and there intended to give her some moderate Correction: Miss, not used to such Treatment, could not be brought to submit to it, but fell foul with her Fists at the old Lady, who was by no means able to get the better of her; but was obliged to call out for Help to the Servants in the next Room. She herself had lock'd the Door, and Miss held her down, beating her all the while with a Birch-Rod which the old Lady intended for another Use; so that the Servants could not get in without breaking open the Door; and the old Lady was obliged to capitulate with Miss, and promise her an unlimited Indulgence for the future, and Forgiveness for the present: These Articles settled, and having now pretty much fatigued herself, she  
opened

opened the Door, and let the Servants enter.

Mrs. *Cameron* proved like the *French* King, no very rigid Observer of Treaties; so that Miss, with the Help of the Servants, found herself obliged to submit to a Course of Correction she had never known before, which the old Lady continued to repeat every Morning for a Fortnight, till she had pretty much humbled Miss's Spirit, and brought her to a ready Compliance with her Will: This Method had the Effect of making her more tractable, and obliged her to an unwilling Application to her Education, but could force no Good into her Mind, nor eradicate from thence those vicious Principles she had imbibed. She now learned the Cunning to conceal those Inclinations she knew would be disagreeable to her Tutors, and to feign a Regard for Things to which her Mind was utterly averse. She so soon learned the Art of Diffimulation, that in a few Months she appeared to Mrs. *Cameron* quite alter'd. She was all of a sudden as grave as a Matron, and had quite forgot the Romp; yet this was all Affectation, for when out of her Sight, or that of those

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who

who would inform her, she was the same wild Thing as before : However, she advanced surprizingly in her Education ; in less than two Years she was Mistress of *French* and *Italian*, wrote a fine Hand, understood Figures sufficient for all the common Occurences of Life, had learned to dance, to play upon the Spinet, and was a compleat Needle-woman : She was now grown tall, and the Difference of her Manner of living, had rendered her Shape more proportionable ; it was naturally easy ; her Features were agreeable, tho' somewhat strong, but her Complexion exceeding good ; she had two large sparkling Eyes, with a wanton Softness about them that never failed to please, especially if she designed a Conquest. Her Stature is of the first Size, which, added to a particular Majesty she has in her Mein, rendered her, when young, if not a Beauty, at least one of the most agreeable Women of the Age.

She was now of Years to be sensible of the Attractions of her Person, and, like most young Women, set rather a higher Value on them than they deserved : She had much of the Coquet in her Temper,  
and



and took great Pride in the Flattery and Courtship of Gentlemen, who as yet treated her only as a Child, tho' she imagined herself old enough to merit their most serious Addresſes. *Mrs. Cameron* kept still a watchful Eye over her Conduct, and her Regard, or rather Fear of that Lady, kept her a little within Bounds, and hindered her from quite giving Way to the natural Gaiety of her Disposition, at least in public; but in private, she took all Opportunities of indulging that romping Humour, to which she had been accustomed in her Infancy.

She contracted such an Intimacy with the Maid of the House, that by degrees she made her familiar with *Mrs. Cameron's* Footman, a young Fellow who had been formerly Page to a Nobleman, in whose Service he had become acquainted with all the fashionable Vices and Follies of the Town: These three contracted a strict Friendship together, and Miss was as familiar with her two Companions, as if they had been her Sister and Brother. As soon as *Mrs. Cameron* was gone to Bed, the Cabal used to go a merry-making and romping for Hours together; for some

Time they confined their Amusements to the House, but at last the Humour took them that they must go rambling in the Streets, Miss and the Maid dressing themselves in Man's Apparel, and attended by the Footman, they strolled about, picking up the Women of the Town, with whom they sometimes went to a Bawdy-house, and carried the Frolick as far as their Sex would permit them: This Humour mightily pleased Miss, who was always impatient till Night came, that she might get rid of her Petticoats, and assume the Breeches, which suited her Temper much better than her own Dress: Then she gave a Loose to the natural Fire of her Spirits, and acted the Cavalier to a Miracle. They carried on this Trade for some Months without Discovery; but unluckily one Night, happening to be upon their Rambles, they went to a noted House in the Suburbs, known by the Name of *Lucky Spence's*; from whence the Footman was dispatched on some Message into the City, while the two Maiden Cavaliers engaged a Couple of Mistresses over a Bottle: In the interim a Quarrel happened in the House, and the Guards were called, who carried along with them all they

they found there, and among the rest our two Ladies in Masquerade: They had frequently before been in Jeopardy, but the Footman had always Address enough to get them off; but he being absent, they were hurried with a large Train of common Women to the Guard-house.

As they appeared like Gentlemen of Fashion, the Captain on Duty treated them with abundance of Respect, but could not discharge them till they were carried before a Magistrate the next Morning; they still concealed their Sex, but unluckily some of their She-Companions, judging of them by their Appearance, used Mifs with a Kind of Familiarity common to these Creatures, and made a Discovery of what she wanted so much to conceal, which produced abundance of Mirth at their Cost amongst the Officers, who now looked upon them as Women who had a Mind to indulge themselves, without scandalizing the Sex: They would have been familiar with our She-Cavaliers, but Mifs finding that she should be obliged to discover who she was, in order to get her Discharge the more easily, affected

fect an Air of Modesty, and refused their Sollicitations.

The Officer happened to know Mrs. *Cameron*, and out of Respect to the Family, went and acquainted her with the Condition of her Kinswoman: The old Lady went immediately to one of the Magistrates, and prevailed on him to come down to the Guard and discharge our Adventurers. This Story, which could not be smothered, as so many were privy to it, afforded Matter of Conversation to all the Tea-Tables in Town for several Days; and Miss was obliged to keep at home, not having quite Courage enough to face the Public. The Maid was turned off, but the Footman having Address enough to get home as soon as he found Miss was taken into Custody, concealed his being of the Party; and as it was not the Business of the other two to discover him, remained both in his Place and in the Confidence of Miss, which he had now so much of, that she could deny him nothing: He had found out her weak Side, and guessed that tho' she had too much Sense to have a serious Passion for him, yet he had been so useful to her in those



those Pleasures she had stolen without the Consent of Mrs. *Cameron*, that she could have no Antipathy to his Person, or no Prepossession to his Disadvantage: He judged, that when once a Person of Fashion can humble her Pride so much, as to make a Confidant of a menial Servant, and take Liberties before him unbecoming her Sex, the Remains of Virtue unsupported by her Pride, can withstand but a feeble Assault; he therefore took a fit Opportunity to declare his Passion; which he found was received better than he expected, and with very little Application gained the last Point.

She was now turned of 16, and abundantly amorous: There was no Want of Opportunity, as nobody suspected any Thing of an Intrigue; the Distance between the Footman and Miss secured them from the least Suspicion, and they went on, mutually pleased with each other for near six Months; when Miss found an uncommon Alteration in the State of her Health. She was so ignorant as not to suspect the Cause, and applied to Mrs. *Cameron* for Advice; who, to her Sorrow, knew the Disease but too well; however

however she had the Prudence and Presence of Mind, not to discover her Suspicions to Miss, resolving to watch her in such a Manner; as to find out the Author of her Misfortune: That very Night let her into the whole Secret, Miss being caught in Bed with the Footman.

This new Misfortune to Miss's Reputation gave the whole Family the utmost Concern, but afflicted her Father so much that he took his Bed on the first Notice of the Disaster, and died in about eight Days after: The Footman was sent out of the Way, and some say, violently dispatched; but however that may be, he was never heard of more: Miss went but about three Months longer, and then miscarried, either by Accident, or by some Means used to occasion an Abortion.

But all the Pains that could be taken to conceal it, were in vain; the Scandal spread, with several exaggerating Circumstances, which I don't chuse to repeat, and she could not now pretend to shew her Face in any modest Company: The Fortune which her Father had left her, was not sufficient to maintain her in any tolerable

tolerable Figure, and her Behaviour had given so much Scandal to her Relations, that none of them, except Mrs. *Cameron*, would countenance her; which that good old Lady did, rather to hinder her from becoming a more public Disgrace to her Family, than from any Hopes she conceived of her Amendment.

Her Mother, who was once so doatingly fond of her, that she preferred the gratifying her Humour, to the Peace and Quiet of the rest of her more deserving Children, now refused to see her, or so much as to admit any Person to speak in her Behalf: She looked upon her as a Dishonour to her Family, and the unhappy Cause of her Father's Death; but did not all the while reflect, that to her, and her Husband's unreasonable Partiality, the World might ascribe the whole of the Misfortune she so much complained of. Had she taken more Care to cultivate her Judgment, and conquer those Passions, she might easily discern were too prevalent in her Daughter's Disposition, she might have prevented this Disaster, and a long Train of Misfortunes that has attended her all her Life time: But she was  
more

more charmed with a smart Repartee, and those little Sallies of early Wit she discovered in Miss, than with the more solid Exercises of Reason. She indulged her in all the little Wildnesses which are apt to discover themselves in a lively Genius, and for fear of spoiling her Wit, neglected to inculcate those Principles, which ought to govern the Passions, and keep in Subjection those Appetites, which, if indulged, reflect so much Dishonour upon such as are Slaves to them: To gratify Miss's wild Disposition, she had permitted her, till she was turned of 11 to keep Company with the Servants, to romp with the Boys, and make one with them at all their Diversions; by which Means, she never had an Opportunity to acquire that Reservedness of Behaviour, that quick Sense of Shame, and that Delicacy of Thought, which is so much the Ornament of the Fair-Sex.

That Modesty we so much admire in the Ladies, that Chastity of Behaviour which they assume in the Company of Men, we are not to suppose flow from any innate Principles: No, Nature understands no such Distinctions; it is wholly



ly the Result of Education and an early Habit. Let Miss and Master's Education be the same, and their Behaviour will be similar, even when they are grown to adult Years ; but whether there are any Principles in the Nature of the Fair-Sex, upon which their Modesty is founded or not, it is absolutely certain, that these Principles can be of no Service, unless the Parent takes an early Care to watch the first dawnings of Reason, and by Example and Precept inculcate, if not instil those Principles into the Mind, which give so great a Lustre to all other Female Qualifications.

But, unhappily for Miss *Jenny Cameron*, she was left in a pure State of Nature, and for this Reason her Follies hitherto are the more excusable ; but she found herself abandoned by those who might have prevented most of what had happened, and her Mother, and the rest of her Relations were only solicitous now, about finding out a Method to get rid of her, and bury the Scandal which Custom (and in this Case justly) reflects upon themselves.

They

They had resolved to send her into *France*, and to put her into a *Nunnery*, where they designed she should take the Veil; but they found it difficult to persuade Miss into this Scheme: She found in herself no such Aversion to the World, as to be willing to leave it; nor, upon consulting her Constitution, could she find any thing there that favoured the Cloister: on the contrary, she had experienced so much of the World, and the Conversation of Men, that she could not, with any Patience, think of parting with either. She was young, gay, and amorous, and had much rather that her Friends had proposed her making a Campaign into *Flanders*; she would have preferred the Breeches to the most sanctified Habit, and the Company of any thing of the Male kind to all the cloistered Sisterhood in *France*.

However she must submit to Necessity; the Priest preached up the Virtue and Glory of renouncing the World at her Years, and the vast Advantage that would redound to her Soul by such a Sacrifice, which would sufficiently atone for all her past Conduct. Mrs. Cameron joined the

the holy Father, and signified to her, that there were no other Means for her to subsist; that her own Fortune could not maintain her, and none of her Relations would support her: This had more weight with Miss than all the Arguments the Priest could advance; she had determined within herself never to take the Vows, but she must conceal her real Sentiments; she seem'd to be overcome with the Priest's and Mrs. *Cameron's* Perswasions, and mighty willing to leave the World, but secretly resolved to make her Escape from the Nunnery before the Year of her Novitiate should be out

While Things were preparing for her Departure, which took up some Months, to all outward Appearance she laid aside her former Gaiety, and now mimicked the Character of a Devotee: She was constantly at Prayers, minute and circumstantial in her Confession, avoided the Company or Sight of every Thing that was Male, and, excepting the Habit and Iron Bars, seem'd to want nothing to compleat the Nun: She acted this Part so cunningly, that most of the old Women of her Relations, began to en-

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tertain a more favourable Opinion of her, and to attribute her Miscarriages to the Folly of Youth: They flattered themselves she would shortly prove a Saint, and that they should, in a few Years, find her Name in the Calendar, as much an Honour to her Relations as she had been formerly a Scandal to them: But this was all Affectation, her Temper was the same; for even at this Time, she made some Excursions in Masquerade, but she managed them so prudently that they never came to the Knowledge of her Friends.

At last the Time of her Departure came; she took leave of Mrs. *Cameron* with real Regret and unfeigned Concern, but she had no Reason to be much afflicted at parting with any of her other Relations; they had shewn so little Compassion for her, that she esteemed it a Happiness to be out of the reach of those Lectures they used to read her, rather to vent their own Spleen, than with any Design she should profit by them.

They set out from *Leith* in a Ship belonging to that Port, bound for *Bologne*, accom-



accompanied by Mr. *Graham*, who had but some Years before taken Orders, and has been lately famous as being Almoner to the young Chevalier: She was entrusted to this Gentleman's Care, who was entirely ignorant of her former Conduct, at least pretended so, and by him conducted from *Bologne* to *Paris*, where they arrived without any sinister Accident or any remarkable Occurrence.

They both lodged at the House of a Merchant in the City of *Paris*, whose Wife was some distant Relation of Miss *Fenny's*, and to whose Care she was recommended. This Lady, who was likewise ignorant of her former Transactions, received her with a great deal of Civility, and in a short Time contracted a real Friendship and Esteem for her: Miss still personated the Devotee, and, considering her Years, which did not much exceed seventeen, rather over-acted her Part, by seeming averse to the most innocent Gaieties of Life, and entirely swallowed up in Exercises of Devotion, and religious Contemplation.

The Lady, at whose House she lodged,

was surpriz'd to find such a serious and fixed Habit of Devotion in a Creature so young, and attributed a great deal of her Reservedness to some secret Grief that had given her Temper a melancholly and enthusiastick Turn: She endeavoured to divert her by all the innocent Amusements she could think of, and attempted, by making her her own Confidante, to prevail on Miss to discover to her the real Cause of so strange a Resolution in so young a Person, as to go voluntarily into a Cloister; but Miss was too cunning for her. She had no Inclination to exchange Secrets with her Landlady, or give her the least Hint of the History of her Life; she judged Curiosity the strongest Motive which that Lady could have to pry into the Secrets of her Resolutions, and therefore acquainted her, that she had conceived a very high Opinion of a Nun's Life; that she had from her Infancy accustomed herself to look upon that as the Sum and utmost Bounds of her earthly Wishes; that she had known little or nothing of the World hitherto, and by the small Ideas she had of it, thought there was nothing in it worth the coveting; that for her Part she found her

Mind

Mind devoted to the Divine Being, and was resolved, with his Strength and Assistance, to spend the rest of her Days in promoting the Interest of her Salvation, free from the Troubles, Cares, and anxious Vanities of this World.

The Lady, who had but an indifferent Opinion of Nuns in general, and could not see any Religion either in the Devotion or Celibacy of the cloister'd Sisters, would have endeavour'd to perswade Miss from entering into that Profession; and to that purpose gave her a full Detail of the public Severities to which the Nuns are subjected, without forgetting the scandalous Practices they are charged with being guilty of in secret: But, though this Advice perfectly tallied with Miss's own Inclinations, yet her Arguments had a quite contrary Effect to what she intended; Miss had been hitherto (that is, by her own Relations) entertained only with the Picture of a religious primitive Nunnery, where Confinement, coarse Cloathing, Watchings, Fastings, and severe Penance is the only Prospect: This was a Scene that frightened her, and filled her with Horror; but she has now another

Prospect, she finds the Grates are not so fast locked but they can be made accessible to the Male Kind; that there are Ways and Means within the Walls of a Nunnery to gratify the most wanton Passion, and satiate the grossest Appetite; that their Religion is only Hypocrisy, which she found she had a Talent for practising as well as any; but above all, that there was room for Intrigue, for which she seemed entirely formed. This Scene had nothing shocking in it, and excepting the Confinement, which she fancied Habit might in Time render tolerable, if not agreeable to her, she could see nothing in a Nunnery that was disagreeable; and now became really desirous of that which, but a few Weeks ago, she only dissembled a liking to. Her Mind was so taken up with the Pleasure she imagined she should reap from the Intrigues of a Nunnery, that she long'd impatiently to be enter'd into one: She appeared now more gay and sprightly than usual, as she was now free from the Apprehensions of the Severity of a cloister'd Life, which had given a gloomy Cast to her affected religious Behaviour. She was with less Reluctance prevail'd on to visit the Curiousities



osities of the City of *Paris*, and, from this Time, became less reserved in Conversation, admitted of Company without Distinction, and could pass an Hour or two at Cards, or any other Diversion of the like Nature. Thus did she give way to the natural Sprightliness of her Temper, which gained her the Esteem of most of those who visited her Landlady, who kept as genteel Company as any of her Rank in the City: In the mean Time Father *Graham* was employed in finding out a Nunnery that would admit her with her small Fortune, which was no more than 200 l. He at last found out one, of which a *Scotch* Lady, of the House of *Seaforth*; was Abbess, and where there were many of that Nation, both Sisters and Boarders.

Miss *Fenny* was eager to be admitted, and accordingly entered upon the Year of her Novitiate about two Months after her coming to *Paris*. The Lady Abbess in a few Days contracted a particular Regard for her; she had the Address to conceal every Thing in her natural Disposition which might give distaste, and her Wit and Humour was so bewitching agreeable,

agreeable, that few People conversed with her that did not conceive a more than ordinary Friendship for her. By the Favour of the Lady Abbess she had more Liberty than is commonly given to Ladies in her Condition, and she generally improved those Liberties to serve such of the Sisterhood as she had contracted an Intimacy with. Amongst these there was a young Lady who had but just taken the Veil to gratify her Relations, who had thrown her into a Nunnery in order to preserve her Fortune for an elder Brother: This Lady had as little of the Nun in her Disposition as Miss *Fenny*, and knew perhaps more of the World before she entered: She had an Intrigue with a young Marquis, which was carried on by the Assistance of one of the Friars, whose Habit this young Spark assumed as often as he had Occasion; but there had lately been something of the Affair whispered to the Lady Abbess, which obliged both the real and pretended Friar to abscond the Nunnery for some Time.

During this Interval, the amorous Nun entrusted Miss *Fenny* with the Secret of her Intrigue, and prevailed on her, as she  
had

had the Liberty of going Abroad, to carry Letters betwixt her and her Gallant : Miss liked the Employment much, and for the first Time met the young Marquis at the Church of St. *Dennis* ; they conversed together for some Time on the Affair of the Intrigue, and at last upon general Subjects, in which Miss *Fenny* displayed all her Talent of Wit and Rallery, and, seemingly without Design, gave the Marquis a very strong Prepossession in her Favour. Miss soon discovered she had made some Progress in his Breast, and from that Moment resolved to leave no Stone unturned to supplant the young Nun who had made her a Confidante : She returned to the Monastery, and gave the Sister a very favourable Account of her Embassy ; the young Nun had no Suspicion of foul Play, and therefore every Day pressed Miss *Fenny* to meet her Gallant, which she did without Reluctance, and in a little Time made such Progress in the Marquis's Heart that he courted a proper Opportunity to declare to her the Sentiments she had inspired him with, and to throw off that Restraint which the Profession of his former

mer Passion to Sister *Anne* obliged him to observe.

The Marquis had a very high Opinion of the Virtue and Delicacy of his new Mistress; he suspected her scarcely susceptible at any rate of Love, and knew that he must declare his Passion for her under very great Disadvantages, as he no sooner opened his Lips on that Subject, than Infidelity and Inconstancy might be objected to him. He remained in this Perplexity for several Days, and had almost taken a Resolution to stifle this growing Passion as fruitless, when Miss, who plainly perceived what passed in his Heart, took an Opportunity to disengage him from this Embarrassment: She very naturally, one Evening as they were together, turned the Discourse upon the Fidelity of Lovers; and, in a pleasant Strain of Humour, ridiculed that Constancy the Sexes swear to one another: She alleged, that the whole Conversation which passes between Persons labouring under that Malady of Mind called Love, was little better than the Soliloquies of a Mad-House; that their fancied Happiness was as chimerical as the visionary Kingdom



dom of a Lunatick; that their Hopes were without Foundation, and the Promises they make each other utterly impossible. Fidelity, says she, and eternal Constancy, they swear to one another at first Sight, tho' they have it no more in their Power to answer for the Continuance of their Passion, than for their Existence a Hundred Years hence. If the Passion is real and natural, they fall into it without Design, and can no more relinquish it at Pleasure, than they can assume it. We are all sensible that we are merely passive in Love Affairs, and that an Affection is not to be forced: If it comes and continues spontaneously, it is well; but if it does not, all our Art, all our most boasted Reason, cannot continue its Existence one Minute; yet we are pleased with those Declarations and Promises of Impossibilities: For my Part, added she, if I was to be in Love, or beloved, I should incline that there should as much Sincerity mingle in our Conversation, as there does in any other Occurrence in Life: I should hate my Lover to court me in Bombast, and should downright despise him if he promised Impossibilities: It would be as much Pleasure, and much more entertaining to me to be courted

courted by a *Don Quixote*, as one of you modern Lovers: In short, I expect no more of my Lover, than that he love me as much, and as long as he can; if he promises more, I shall certainly doubt his Sincerity; and if I flatter him with any of those fashionable Impossibilities, he must certainly be deceived.

This Discourse uttered with an Air of Pleasantry gave new Life to the Marquis, and afforded him an Opportunity of declaring his new-born Passion. Miss heard him with little or no Emotion, pretended to take it as a Piece of Raillery, and parted on very good Terms. As the Marquis had broke the Ice, he soon brought Miss to understand plainly that he was in earnest; she made at first some Scruples upon the Point of Honour, of betraying her Friend; but she soon allowed herself to be perswaded out of her Delicacy upon that Head, and gave the Marquis Hopes, that one Day or other his Services might be accepted of, and that at present his Addresses were not disagreeable.

The Marquis was young, had an agreeable Person, a large Share of good Nature,  
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a very large Estate, but his Intellects remarkably weak. Miss could have wished that he had been possessed of more Sense; but as it was, she comforted herself for the Loss, as his Weakness forwarded the Design she had formed upon him; that is, to wheedle him into Marriage, which she hoped she might compass before her Year of Probation was out. She therefore kept him at a great Distance, and gave him no more Encouragement, than was sufficient to keep the Flame alive; and in the mean time they both agreed to continue the Correspondence with Sister *Anne*, as if the Marquis's Passion for that Lady had still subsisted.

They went on keeping a close Correspondence for near three Months; making their Assignations in different Places, to prevent Suspicion; but the Marquis never came near the Monastery, tho' the Affair with Sister *Anne* had been quite forgot, and he might, without Hazard or Scandal, have come to the Grate, which that Lady, by Letters sent by Miss *Fenny* had often solicited him to do; but he always found Evasions, at least Miss *Fenny* found Reasons to persuade him not to come, for fear the Sight of that Lady, who had a

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much

much larger Share of Beauty than she, might rekindle that Flame which she had been so industrious to smother. The Marquis's Conduct gave the deluded Sister a great deal of Pain, and she endeavoured to ease herself by Complaints to her false Confidante, who pretended to excuse the Marquis, or condemn him, according as she was in the Humour: But at last, the Priest who had carried on the original Intrigue, returned to the Monastery, and Sister *Anne* made her Complaint to him: He undertook to set Matters right again; he spoke to the Marquis, who made him the Confidante of the new Passion he had conceived for Miss *Fenny*, expecting that the Father would have assisted him in this as he had done in the former. The Priest undertook to befriend him, but acted a quite contrary Part; for, desiring to carry on an Intrigue with Sister *Anne* himself, he wanted to make a Merit of the Discovery of her former Gallant, and Confidante's Infidelity. He discovered to her the whole Affair, and they both agreed to be revenged on Miss *Fenny*. Sister *Anne* dissembled her Knowledge of the Matter, and still employed Miss *Fenny* in carrying Letters and Messages as formerly. The Priest ac-  
quaints



quaints the Lady Abbess, that the Use which Miss *Fenny* made of the Liberty she gave her, was to meet a Gallant every Day she went abroad; and proposed that the first Time she went out, that one of the Lay Sisters should be sent to watch her. The Abbess, tho' unwilling to entertain a bad Opinion of Miss's Conduct, yet was over persuaded to take this Step. Next Day Miss went out upon Sister *Anne's* Message as usual, and one the Lay Sisters followed. The Marquis met her that Day at the Church of *Notre Dame*; and from thence they went out of the City, into some remote Walks in the Country, where the Sister followed them at a Distance unobserved, and kept so near them, that she could plainly perceive that they were not over and above religiously employed. She returned to the Monastery, and reported what she had seen to the Lady Abbess, with a Number of exaggerating Circumstances, which the Sister's Malice supplied.

Miss *Fenny* returned, but found a very odd Reception from the Abbess, who confined her to her Cell, and ordered her very severe Penance for the Folly she had been guilty of: She now found the Con-

finement of a Nunnery, and the Mortifications which attend the Discovery of an Intrigue within these Walls: She was so narrowly watched, that she could not give the least Intelligence to the Marquis of her Condition: She revolved in her Mind a thousand Schemes for her Liberty, but in vain; for she found none of the Sisterhood she could trust, Sister *Anne* having given such an Opinion of her to the rest of her Nuns, that few pitied her, and none conversed with her; so that she was now confined within a Gaol, and alone amidst Company. She repented heartily not taking her Landlady's Advice, for she almost despaired of her Liberty, since she was permitted to converse with nobody who could effect it. The Priest to compleat her Misfortune, acquainted the Marquis that she had been discovered in an Intrigue with one of the Porters belonging to the Monastery; and gave him so many Circumstances of this pretended Amour, that the Marquis's Credulity was easily imposed upon; and to mortify her the more, the Priest prevailed on him to write her a very insulting Letter, which awakened her out of all her golden Dreams of every marrying the Marquis.

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The natural Gaiety of her Temper soon began to get the better of this first Disappointment; and she flattered herself, that if she could recover the Confidence of the Lady Abbess, that some new Opportunity might offer, by which she might get quit of the Nunnery, and obtain a Settlement in the World more agreeable to her Disposition: She submitted to the Penance enjoined her, with a seeming Chearfulness; and as she had confessed hitherto Abroad, she chose a Confessor of those who attended the House. The Father she pitched upon was an *Irishman* of the Order of St. *Francis*, a Person much fitter for a Gallant than a Father-Confessor. Her Mind was so turned to Intrigue, that she could not be happy without engaging in one of some Sort or other. She now laid a Plot for her Confessor, whom she easily discovered to be no Enemy to the World, nor those Pleasures which give a Relish to Life: By the Confession which she made him at the Chair, she designedly let him to understand, that the Flesh was more predominant than the Spirit; and the holy Father found out a Method to get the better of the Evils she complained of, other than Fasting and austere Penance: A strict

Amity commenc'd betwixt them, which they carried all the lengths their mutual Desires prompted them to.

They had not continued this Commerce many Weeks, when Miss discovered herself pregnant by the Church: However, her ghostly Father soon eased her of that Burthen by forcing an Abortion, which had like to have cost her her Life: She escaped without Discovery, but not without uneasy Reflections, that this Amour was attended with a great deal of Danger, and in the End could not contribute to her main Design of getting out of the Monastery, and settling in the World.

After her Recovery from that Fit of Illness which her Miscarriage had occasioned, she was permitted to come down to the Grate with the rest of the Sisters, where her Confessor came every Day to make their Assignations. He happened one Day to carry along with him an Officer belonging to the *Irish* Brigade, a Gentleman of a very good Family in *Ireland*, had a considerable Fortune in that Kingdom, and was lately promoted to the Rank of a Lieutenant Colonel. This young Gentleman had a genteel Person, an agreeable Address, a large Share of good Sense, and



and wanted nothing of that Assurance, or indeed any other Qualification necessary to recommend him to the Fair Sex: He had come in Company with Father *O Neil* his Kinsman, to pass away a vacant Hour at this Monastery, in Conversation with the Nuns at the Grate.

Of course Father *O Neil* introduced him to Miss *Fenny*, with whose Conversation the young Officer was much charmed; and she no less with his: They passed an Hour together in abundance of Gallantry, and parted, mutually inclined to be better acquainted with each other. Miss informed herself of his Condition and Circumstances from Father *O Neil*, and from that Minute resolved to endeavour at the Conquest of his Heart.

The young Colonel found the young Devotee run much in his Head, that he could not rest till he found out the Priest, that he might return to her Company: This second Meeting made still greater Progress in Miss's Scheme; the Officer found himself over Head and Ears in Love and in a Visit or two more he seized an Opportunity to make her a Declaration: Miss was at a Loss how to behave; she was afraid of yielding too soon, and yet dreaded

dreaded Delays, which had been the Ruin of her last Intrigue with the Marquis: This last Fear prevailed, and she therefore received the Colonel's Declaration pretty favourably, and cautioned him not to make *O Neil* his Confidante, but to find out a Way to see her without that Father's being in Company; which he did the next Day by coming by himself: Miss was at the Grate, and the Colonel renewed his Addresses. Miss acquainted him, that if she was inclined to be in Love, that there was nothing in his Person or Behaviour to which she had an Aversion; but at present her Circumstances were such, as not to give her any Hopes of ever being happy in that Passion, since her Friends had devoted her to end her Days within those Walls, and she had brought her Mind to comply with the Necessity of her Destiny, resolving to entertain no Thoughts that would disturb that Tranquility of Mind she now began to enjoy: And her Resolution was the stronger, as she had no probable Prospect of any thing happening to make her Life more agreeable: The Colonel was transported to find that she had no real Aversion to the World, and that her taking the Habit

was

was Constraint: He acquainted her that as she had not as yet taken the Vows, she might leave the Monastery when she pleased; and that he would find Means to set her at Liberty, and put her out of the reach of her Relations, if she would think favourably of his Passion. This was the Point she aimed at, and only now made some Scruples of trusting her Honour with a Man to whom she was so much a Stranger: The Colonel protested his Designs were honourable, and soon perswaded her of what she was previously resolved to have no Scruple about: They parted for some Time, the Officer promising to find out a Way for her Escape without Noise. Money soon effected this Matter; he procured a Pass Key to one of the Back-Doors of the Garden of the Monastery, through which Miss passed, where she found her Lover impatiently waiting for her with a Servant and Horses; they immediately set out for *Paris*, and arriving before Day-light at a Village within a few Miles of *Versailles*, they put up at a *Cabera*, and Miss passed for the Colonel's Sister.

They lay there that Night, and tho' Miss had pre-resolved to hold out till she  
had

had obtained Marriage, yet the young Soldier conquered all her Scruples, and got Possession of his Wishes that very Night. Next Morning the Colonel returned to *Paris*, in order to prepare an Apartment for his Mistress in some private Part of the City. In his Absence she had Time to reflect upon the Weakness of her Conduct. It is true, she had no Concern upon her about leaving the Nunnery; but what vexed her was, that by yielding to the Colonel's Sollicitations, she could not entertain any rational Hopes that he would make her his Wife; and she was not ignorant of the precarious State of a Mistress: She fretted herself all Day, and cursed her Stars a thousand Times; but when Night approached and no Appearance of her Colonel, she was ready to lay violent Hands upon herself, Remorse and Despair depriving her almost of the Use of Reason, and made her appear to the People of the House as a Madwoman: However, she concealed the Cause of her Misfortunes, and pretended all her Fears arose from a Supposition that some Accident had happened to her Brother. The Hostess would have amused her Melancholly, but she was past Advice; she refused



fufed all Manner of Sufenance, fat up  
 all Night, Sometimes tearing her Hair,  
 and sometimes making bitter Complaints.  
 In this Manner ſhe paſſed the Night, and  
 Part of next Morning, when the Colonel's  
 Servant returned with a Letter, acquaint-  
 ing her that an Affair of Importance hin-  
 dered his coming that Night, but that  
 he would be early with her next Day.  
 This Letter calmed her Frenzy, but did  
 not quite ſatisfy her; ſhe had ſtill ſome  
 Doubts which perplexed her all that  
 Day, and next Night: But the Morning  
 following, ſhe was made eaſy by the Ap-  
 pearance of the Colonel. He had receiv-  
 ed an Order to go directly for *Flanders*,  
 and had now but two Days to prepare  
 for his Journey. He propoſed leaving  
 her behind at the Houſe of a Relation of  
 his, whom he could ſafely truſt with an  
 Affair of that Conſequence: But this ſhe  
 would by no Means conſent to, and it  
 was inconvenient for the Colonel's Affairs  
 as they then ſtood, to travel with a Lady  
 in Company. To ſolve this Difficulty,  
 Miſs recollected her Maſquerade-Habit,  
 and propoſed it to the Colonel, who lik-  
 ed it much; the Servant was immediate-  
 ly ordered to prepare a Habit and Equi-

page fitting for a young Gentleman. She was soon equipped, and in that Dress quite ravish'd the Colonel, who grew every Day more fond of her. She passed for a *Scotch* Gentleman by the Name of *Johnson*, who had resolved to make the Campaign in *Flanders*. She returned to *Paris* in this Dress with the Colonel, went publickly to the Coffee-house, and passed for his Relation. As the Colonel was obliged to wait on the Cardinal before he set out, Mr. *Johnson* must needs attend him, was actually introduced to the Cardinal, who received him courteously, and promised him Preferment.

Miss was now in her high Element, and the Pleasure she took in this kind of perpetual Masquerade, buried all Thoughts of settling in the World for some Time, and at last put it quite out of her Head. She travelled with the Colonel to the Camp, where she arrived in the Beginning of the Year 1713. Some say, she actually made the Campaign, and carried Arms; but this I shall not chuse to assert for Truth, tho' it is currently reported in the Country, but with Circumstances that favour too much of the Romance to deserve a Place in these

these Memoirs, where we intend to keep religiously to Matters of Fact.

She continued with the Colonel till the Conclusion of the Treaty of *Utrecht*, when he died, and left her an odd kind of a Widow : There was nobody privy to her Sex, but the Colonel's Valet de Chambre, who on his Master's Death returned to *Paris*. The Colonel left her all the Ready Money he had, and an Order for his Arrears; but all amounted to a Trifle, not exceeding 2 or 300 l.

This was her All, and she must endeavour to make the most it. She continued at *Utrecht* when the Congress was held there, and hoped in that Confluence of People of Distinction, she might meet with some Adventure that would answer her Design; for now a Settlement returned to her Memory. Amongst all her Acquaintance, she had contracted the greatest Intimacy with an *Italian* Count, a Man very rich, and very amorous, but not very wise, tho' prodigiously conceited. Him she pitched upon as one fit for her Purpose, for she was attached to no Nation or Party; Interest and Passion was all she had in view; but the Difficulty lay in the Discovery of her Sex, which

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she

she wanted to do in such Manner as might give the Count a favourable Opinion of her as a Woman, for she was already fully assured of his Affection for her in her Male Capacity.

To effect this, she hired a Lodging in a different Part of the City in a Female Dress, and acquainted the Count that a Sister of hers was lately arrived on her Way to *Paris*, where she was to take the Habit: She gave him a modest, but favourable Account of the Person and Beauty of this Sister, which made the Count impatient to see her; she appointed the next Day to carry him to see her; but at the Time sent a Letter addressed to his pretended Sister, and excused her waiting of him. The Count went, and was introduced to Miss *Fenny*, she received him as her Brother's Friend and Intimate, and under that Pretext, treated him with great Familiarity: The Count was charmed with her Conversation, and left her with Reluctance.

After he was gone, she was as impatient to see him again in the Person of Mr. *Johnson*, to find out what Impression she had made upon him; they met, and passed the Evening together, and she found herself entertained with nothing but Raptures about her charming Sister; she knew the  
the



the Count's Temper so well, that she was satisfied that the Bait had taken, and was resolved not to play this Card as she had done the last. The Count visited her frequently, and every Day his Passion increased, and he had actually proposed Marriage, when an untimely Discovery spoiled all. The Count was really a Coward, yet often brought himself into Scrapes: He fell into a Quarrel where Mr. *Johnson* was present, and Swords drawn; Mr. *Johnson* was as ready with his Rapier as the best of them; and in defence of his Friend and Lover, received a Wound under the Left Breast. She had the Courage to conceal the Hurt till the Fray was over, and was about to leave the Count in his own Chambers, whither she had conducted him, when by the great Loss of Blood she fainted away: The Count had not perceived till then that she had been hurt; but seeing the Blood, he opened her Breast to search for the Wound, and there discovered to his great Surprise, that his Friend Mr. *Johnson* was no other than a Woman, and that his Mistress and he were the same identical Persons. Miss recovered a little, but was overwhelmed with Confusion, upon finding that she was

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discovered;

discovered; her Vexation at the Disappointment was so great, that she could only beg of the Count to keep the Secret, and come to her next Day at her Female Lodgings. A Chair was immediately called, and she went shortly after to her Female Habitation, where she pretended some Accident, and sent for a Surgeon to dress her Wound.

The Count came next Day according to Appointment; and after the first Confusion was over, he acquainted her that he had no less Regard for her than before, since he found in one Person both his Mistress and his Friend, but modestly hinted, that as Colonel —— and she had been so long Bedfellows, it was not to be supposed that he could enter into a Marriage Settlement; but that if to the Character of Friend, she would be pleased to add that of Mistress, she should find him true to her in both Capacities: There was no Election, she therefore closed in with the Count, and lived with him in the same Manner she had done with the Colonel, till the Year 1717, when she went with him to *Paris*, where she proved pregnant.

The *Italian* was by this Time grown  
weary

weary of her, and wanted an Opportunity of getting rid of her, which he did in a very barbarous Manner. During her Lying-in, he picked a Quarrel with her, and pretended Jealousy; he would needs have it that the Child was none of his, tho' all the Reason he could assign for his Suspicion, was her not proving pregnant before; intimating that she had picked up somebody since her coming to *Paris*, on whom she bestowed her Favours; whether this might be true or not, I am not certain, but the Count left her three Days after her Delivery, and set out for *Italy*.

She was now absolutely destitute: Her Money, Jewels, and all together, would not raise 100*l.* she had no Acquaintance, especially amongst the Women, who could assist her, and those amongst the Men knew her only in that Character, which she could not now assume. However she got her Child sent to the Hospital, recovered her Health in a few Weeks, and was now forming a Scheme for new Adventures; but the Smallness of her Cash and the Meanness of her Wardrobe, gave her small Hopes of Success: In short, her Circumstance grew daily worse, and she began now to have Thoughts in ear-

nest of going into a Nunnery, to preserve her from Want.

She was in this Condition when she met by Accident Sir *Hugh Cameron* of *Lochiel*, who knew her Misfortunes in *Scotland*, but was ignorant of her Transactions in *France*. He, and some of the rest of those unfortunate Refugees of the Year 1715, took Compassion of her, gave her some Subsistence, and sent her home to her Brother Mr. *Cameron* of *Glendessery*, who was just come of Age; supposing now that the Scandal of her former Steps might be pretty much forgot.

Upon her Arrival, her Brother received her with abundance of Tenderneſs, and without Reproaches for her paſt Conduct, for which ſhe herſelf expreſſed great Concern. She now managed the Affairs of her Brother's Houſe, and behaved with great Prudence and Decency, inſomuch that ſhe had in a little Time gained the Eſteem of all the Gentry in the Neighbourhood: She had naturally a ſolid Judgment, a flowing Wit, without any Mixture of Malice, or that ſatyrical Turn which Wits commonly have; all this, improved by the Experience ſhe had learned abroad, by keeping Company with Men.



Men more than Women, rendered her Company agreeable and facetious to People of the best Sense in the Country.

In a Year or two after her coming home, her Brother married; and his Lady and Miss lived very happily for some time together; till one of her Maids, more quick-sighted than the rest, raised in her Mind a Suspicion of a criminal Commerce between the Brother and Sister. Mrs. *Cameron* shuddered at so unnatural a Thought, and could not bear to harbour a Suspicion so prejudicial to her Husband and Sister; but the Maid insisted that she would make a Discovery. Things remained in Doubt for near a Year, the Lady still preserving a just Decorum with her Sister. But at last an Accident happened, which unravelled the whole Scene: The eldest Son, a Boy of two Years old, was taken ill of the *Small-Pox*, and Mrs. *Cameron* one Night happened to sit up with him. About Midnight there was something wanted for the Child, which must be had out of Miss *Jenny's* Room; Mrs. *Cameron* taking a Light, went for it herself; and finding the Door unlocked, how was she surprized, when upon entering, she saw the Brother and Sister fast asleep.

asleep locked in one another's Arms. The  
 Surprize and Horror of the Scene made  
 her shriek out, and immediately fall  
 down in a Swoon: The Noise awakened  
 the guilty Couple; the Husband started  
 up, and ran to his own Chamber, before  
 the Servants could come in, who were  
 alarmed by the Shriek. When Mrs. *Cameron*  
 recovered from the Swoon, she  
 found herself in Miss *Fenny's* Arms, who  
 was very officious about her, asking what  
 was the Matter with her? The Matter  
 with me! replied the injur'd Wife; Can  
 you ask me the Question after what I have  
 seen? Seen! returned the other, very  
 calmly, pray now, have you seen a Ghost,  
 that it has frightened you so? Dear Madam  
 be composed. Was not my Husband here  
 just now? replied the Lady: Your Husband!  
 Sure your Brain is turned! No, your  
 Husband was not here: You fancied you  
 saw his Spirit: Lord preserve my Brother:  
 I wish no Accident may happen him. Mrs  
*Cameron* amaz'd at the Impudence of the  
 Woman, and unwilling to expose so hor-  
 rid a Scene before the Servants, acquiesced  
 that she might have seen a Spirit; and so re-  
 turned to the Nursery with what she came  
 for, oppress'd with the utmost Confusion.

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From this Time forward Mrs. *Cameron* never was happy; inward Jealousy, and public Jars with the Brother and Sister, made her miserable, and it is believed shortned her Days; for she lived but a few Years, and those buried in the deepest Melancholly. After her Death, Miss *Fenny* continued to manage her Brother's House; and the Country are strongly prepossessed, that she had several Children, the Fruits of this incestuous Commere.

Her Brother died some Years ago, leaving his eldest Son, a Minor, a little better than an Ideot: He left Miss *Fenny* his Executrix, and when he arrived at the Age of 14, the Boy himself chose her Curatrix, that is, Guardian to his Estate, which she has managed ever since: For tho' her Nephew is of Age, yet his Incapacity is such, that he cannot transact any Business, but leaves it intirely to his Aunt.

When the Chevalier *Charles* came to *Lochiel's* House, *Lochiel* sent an Order to Mr. *Cameron* of *Glendessery*, to raise his Men and join the Family Standard. Mr. *Cameron* incapable of obeying such a Summons, his Place was supplied by his Aunt Miss *Fenny*, who soon got together 250 Men, and marched at the Head of them  
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to the Pretender's Camp. She was dressed in a Sea-green Riding Habit, with a Scarlet Lapel trimmed with Gold; her Hair tied behind in loose Buckles, with a Velvet Cap, and scarlet Feather: She rode a bay Gelding, with green Furniture, richly trimmed and fringed with Gold; instead of a Whip, she carried a Sword in her Hand; and in this Equipage arrived at the Camp. A Female Officer was an extraordinary Sight, and the Novelty being reported to the young Chevalier, he went out of the Lines to meet this Supply. Miss *Jenny* rode up to him, and without the least Dash in her Countenance, gave him an Officer-like Salute, acquainting him, *That as her Nephew was not able to attend the R— Standard, she had raised his Men, and brought them to his H—s; she believed them ready to hazard their Lives in his Cause; and tho' at present they were commanded by a Woman, she hoped they had nothing womanish about them; for she found that so glorious a Cause had raised in her Breast every manly Thought, and quite extinguished the Woman: What an Effect then (added she) must it have upon those who have no feminine Fears to combat, and are free from the*  
*Incum-*



*Incumbrance of Female Dress? These Men, Sir, are yours; they have devoted themselves to your Service; they bring you Hearts as well as Hands: I can follow them no further, but I shall pray for your Success.* This Speech ended, she ordered her Men to pass in review before the Chevalier, who expressed himself pleased with their Appearance, but much more with the Gallantry of their Female Leader: He conducted her himself to his Tent, and treated her with as much Distinction as if she had been a Dutchess; her Humour was extremely free, and as full of Gaiety as if she had been but 15. The young Pretender was delighted with her Conversation, and while she staid in the Camp, passed several Hours with her, but still in Company: He used to call her Colonel *Cameron*, and she has been ever since more distinguish'd by this Name than Miss *Jenny*.

The Succours she had brought him, the early Assistance her Family had furnished him, were sufficient Grounds to caress her more than ordinary for political Reasons; but the Manner of her Appearance, and her own singular Humour, must certainly recommend her to a young Gentleman, who is said not to want Politeness: But her

her Age, which is within a Year or two of fifty, must secure her from the Scandal of being a Mistress; this Story having no other Foundation, than that of a Woman of some Distinction being in the Camp. They concluded her young, and of consequence a Mistress; but those who know her, will acquit her of that at present; tho' if the same Thing happened thirty Years ago, there would have been nothing unnatural in the Supposition.

She continued with the Army till they marched for *England*; and joined them again upon their Return at *Falkirk*; she has been since taken, and is now a Prisoner at *Edinburgh*.



F I N I S.